# The mad merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow.

To the Tune of, Dulcina.

FRom Oberon in Fairy Land,
the King of Ghoſts and ſhadows there
Mad Robin I at his command,
am ſent to view the night-ſports here:
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will oreſee,
And merry be,
And make good ſport with, ho ho ho.
More ſwift then lightning can I flie,
and round about this aire welkin ſoon,
And in a minutes ſpace deſcry
each thing thats done beneath ẏ moon
there's not a Hag,
nor Ghoſt ſhall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do go,
but Robin I,
their feats will ſpy,
And fear them home with, ho ho ho.
If any wanderers I meet,
that from their nightſports do trudg home
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
and cauſe them on with me to roam;
through woods, through lakes,
through bogs, through brakes,
Or bush and briar with them I go,
I call upon
them to come on,
And went me laughing, ho ho ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
ſometimes an Oxe, ſometimes a hound,
And to a horſe I turn me can,
to trip and trot about them round;
but if to ride,
my back they ſtride,
More ſwifter then wind away I go,
oreſ hedge, and lands,
through pools and ponds,
I whirry laughing, ho ho ho.
When Lads and Laſſes merry be,
with poſſets and with iunkets fine,
Unſeen of all the company,
I eat their Cakes and ſip the Wine,
and to make ſport,
I fart and ſnort,
And out the Candles I do blow,
the Maids I kiſs,
they ſhrick, who's this,
I anſwer nought but, ho ho ho.
Yet now and then the Maids to pleaſe,
I card at midnight up their wool,
And while they ſleep, ſnort, fart, and ſneaſe,
with wheel to thread their ſtar I pull,
I grind at Will
their Mault up ſtill,
I dreſs their hemp, I ſpin their tow,
if any awake
and would me take,
I wend me Laughing, ho ho ho.

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# The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

When houſe or harth doth ſluttiſh lie,
I pinch the Maids there black and blew
And from the bed the bed-cloaths I,
pull off and lay them naked to view:
twixt ſleep and wake
I do them take,
And on the key cold floor them throw,
if out they cry,
then forth flye I,
And loudly Laugh, ho ho ho.

When any need to borrow ought,
we lend them what they do require,
And for the uſe demand we nought,
our own is all we do deſire;
if to repay
they do delay,
Abroad amongſt them then I go,
and night by night,
I them affright,
With pinching, dreams, and ho ho ho.

When lazy queans have nought to do,
but ſtudy how to cog and lie,
To make debate and miſchief too,
twixt one another ſecretly:
I mark their gloſe
and do diſcloſe
To them that I had wronged ſo,
when I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them ſcolding, ho ho ho.

When men do traps and engins ſet,
in loop-holes where the vermine creep,
That from their foulds and houſes ſet,
their ducks and geeſe, their lambs & ſheep
I ſpy the gin,
and enter in,
And ſeems a vermine taken ſo,
but when they there
approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho ho ho.

By Wells and Giles in Meadow green,
we nightly dance our hey day guiſe,
And to our Fairy King and Queen,
we chant our Moon-light harmonies:
when Larks gin ſing,
away we fling,
And babes new born ſteal as we go,
an Elf in bed
we leave in ſtead,
And wend us Laughing, ho ho ho.

From Hay-bred Merlins time have I,
thus mighty revel'd too and fro,
And for my pranks men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, Ghoſts, and Spirites,
that haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins do me know,
and Beldams old,
my feats have told,
So Vale, Vale, ho ho ho.

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